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PRINCIPLES

—OF—

ELOCUTION

AND

Vocal Culture:

IN WHICH THE

RULES FOR CORRECT READING AND SPEAKING, AND DIRECTIONS FOR  
IMPROVING AND STRENGTHENING THE  
VOICE, ARE GIVEN.

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BY BENJAMIN W. ATWELL,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

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1879.





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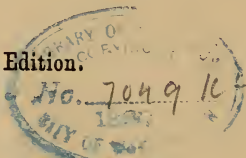
### A VARIETY OF EXERCISES AND SELECTIONS

FOR PRACTICE.

✓  
BY BENJAMIN W. ATWELL,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

37  
284  
Fourth Edition.



PROVIDENCE:

N. BANGS WILLIAMS AND COMPANY.

1879.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THIS work is brief, but comprehensive, containing the more important ideas of Elocution. Most works of its character are burdened with complicated rules and exceptions, so that but few, if any, attempt to master them. I have endeavored to avoid this serious defect, and to present a popular method, which every person at once comprehends and finds pleasure in perusing. This work is published, in part, for my own use as a teacher of elocution, and also as a text-book for teachers and students generally. The directions for training and developing the vocal organs are explicit, and the selections for elocutionary practice varied, and from the best authors. An appreciation and use of these will result in a rich, full-toned voice, and a graceful and effective delivery.

B. W. A.

PROVIDENCE, May 1, 1867.



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# ATWELL'S EPITOME OF ELOCUTION.

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## ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art which enables one to deliver written or extemporaneous composition with ease, force, accuracy, and variety, i. e., eloquently.

In this work we purpose to present only the more practical thoughts.

## THE VOICE.

As the voice is the capital of the orator, the means for its development and improvement are first to be considered. Its quality and compass depending upon the condition of the vocal organs, the following exercises are introduced to strengthen, and give to them freedom of action.

## BREATHING EXERCISES.

Exercise 1. ATTITUDE.—The body must be erect, resting upon the ball of the foot; one foot a little in advance of the other, so that all the muscles of the breathing apparatus may be free to perform their functions.

**Exercise 2. MANNER OF BREATHING.** — When inhaling, there must be a marked protrusion of the pit of the stomach ; and when exhaling, as marked depression. Place the hand on the pit of the stomach, breathe, and observe the action.

**Exercise 3. GENTLE BREATHING.** — Inflate the lungs through the mouth, and send the breath forth tranquilly, with a prolonged sound of the letter *h*.

**Exercise 4. EXPLOSIVE *k*.** — Following directions already given, emit with violent explosion in the short sound of the letter *k*.

**Exercise 5. RAPID BREATHING.** — Sigh, sob, gasp, and pant. These last-mentioned efforts, with which all persons are familiar, will excite the organs intensely, and also accustom the student to the expression of emotions which enter into almost every style of composition.

**Exercise 6. BREATHING AND COUNTING.** — Fill the lungs, then count, audibly and distinctly, to ten, taking a full breath between each count. After this, at one breath, count to ten or more.

**Exercise 7.** Practise holding the breath an indefinite period.

**Exercise 8. THE PERCUSSION OF THE CHEST.** — Expand the chest by a full inhalation, and thump it gently with the fingers, they being open and flexible.

**Exercise 9. WHISPERING.** — Whisper the vowels, and consonants, and also forcible passages.

**Exercise 10. LAUGHING.** — Utter rapidly the breathing *h*. To make the exercise more exhilarating and attractive, prefix the element *h* to the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and utter them separately and earnestly.

Exercise 11. VIGOROUS ENUNCIATION. — Utter the element *o* eight times ; increase in force and volume to the end.

Exercise 12. THE TREMOLO. — Give forth tremulous emissions of the breath ; utter passages in this voice.

Exercise 13. THE ACTIVE AND PASSIVE CHEST. — Inhale and exhale the breath, causing all the organs of the chest to rise and fall freely at each effort.

Exercise 14. FOR THE LARYNX. — Utter the hard sounds of *b*, *d*, *g*. This exercise enlarges the larynx and tightens the vocal chords, and thus increases the volume and quality of the voice.

## PURITY OF TONE.

Purity of tone is absolutely essential to good speaking ; without it distinct articulation is impossible. In presenting this point we shall quote from the excellent work, by Russell and Murdock, upon vocal culture : —

“ It is important that the pupil, at the very outset of vocal study, should have the ability of appreciating purity of tone. Unless he has some distinct perception of it, — in other words, unless a model of pure tone has been formed in his own mind, — all merely physical effort to acquire it will be likely to fail.

“ The practice of the scale in swelling tones, is chiefly relied upon by teachers of vocal music, for developing the voice, and for acquiring purity, mellowness, flexibility, and an adequate breadth of tone.

“Immediately before singing each sound, breath should be taken so as completely to inflate the lungs; and after pausing an instant with the chest well expanded, the sound should commence with firmness, but with great softness, then gradually augmented to the loudest degree, succeeded by being as gradually diminished to the degree of force with which it began. Each tone should be prolonged from eighteen to twenty seconds.

“This exercise, as a general rule, should be continued for about two months, singing the scale daily about four times.

“In the delivery of the tones of the ‘chest register,’ the air ought to escape without touching the surfaces of the mouth; the tones of the ‘medium register,’ are best acquired by directing the air a little above the upper front teeth:—in those of the ‘head register,’ the air is directed vertically.”

#### EXAMPLE.

ah >      ah <      ah ><      ah ◇

### PRONUNCIATION.

Under this head is embraced *Articulation*, *Syllabication*, and *Accent*. The two last particulars will not be considered, as they are sufficiently understood by most readers. With regard to the first, attention will be directed mainly to the errors so common and difficult to remedy. A few special rules will also be given for the correct pronunciation of certain particular letters and words.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

Errors in articulation are in consequence of the omission of one or more elements in a word, or from the sounding of one or more elements that should not be sounded, or from substituting one element for another.

EXAMPLES. — ERROR 1.

an'	<i>for</i> and.	frien's	<i>for</i> friends.
fiel's	" fields.	wil's	" wilds.

ERROR 2.

ev en	" ev'n.	rav el	" rav'l.
heav en	" heav'n.	sev en	" sev'n, &c.

ERROR 3.

set	" sit.	shet	" shut.
sence	" since.	git	" get, &c.

To these few examples of mispronunciation the student may add others, and by repeating them correctly, learn to avoid them. There is no better exercise for improvement in elocution. Especially may distinctness in utterance be attained by pronouncing properly words ending with *g*, *t*, *ds*, *st*. It is well to often repeat all the sounds of the letters in the alphabet. Much attention should be given to this in the early stages of education, where at present it is generally neglected.

REPETITION OF ELEMENTS.

*Hail! heavenly harmony.*

*Up the high hill he heaved a huge round stone.*

*Heaven's first star alike ye see.*

*Let it wave proudly o'er the good and brave.*

The supply lasts still.

And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and glancing and prancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar;  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.  
It is the first step that costs.

The deed was done in broad day.

None now was left to tell the mournful tale.

Take care that you be not deceived, — dear friends.

Lie lightly on her, earth! her step was light on thee.

Thou wast struck dumb with amazement.

Can no one be found faithful enough to warn him of  
his danger? No one dared do it.

A good deal of disturbance ensued.

He gave him good advice which he did not take.

A dark cloud spread over the heavens.

Had he but heeded the counsel of his friend, he might  
have been saved.

He came at last too late to be of any service.

The magistrates stood on an elevated platform.

### CERTAIN PARTICULAR LETTERS AND WORDS.

1. Articles *a*, *the*, and the letter *u*. The unemphatic *a* is pronounced as *a* in *at*.

EXAMPLE. — There was *ă* man, *ă* boy, and *ă* cat.

2. *The* is unemphatic before words commencing with a consonant sound, and is pronounced *thŭ*.

EXAMPLE. — *Thŭ* people, *thŭ* senators, *thŭ* king.

3. *U* in such words as constitution, duty, is generally mispronounced, having the sound of *o* in *do*, when it should be soft like *eu* in *beauty*.

### PAUSES.

Pauses are introduced for a variety of purposes — to mark surprise, expectation, uncertainty; also to make emphasis effective. Their importance may be over-rated, as in a work entitled 'The Human Voice,' where we are told that they, used with propriety, constitute the beauty of elocution, while emphasis destroys it. The number of them depends upon the character of the composition.

#### PLAIN RULES FOR THEIR USE.

1. After a compound nominative or a single emphatic nominative, a pause is necessary.

##### EXAMPLES.

Joy or sorrow, moves him not. No people, can claim him.

2. Pause after words in apposition and opposition.

##### EXAMPLES.

James, the clerk at Richmond's. Armington is wrong, not I.



3. The words *but*, *hence*, standing at the beginning of a sentence denoting transition, require a pause after them.

EXAMPLE.

But, it remained for Charlie, to render the piece well.

4. The word *that*, when a conjunction or relative, the adverbs *when* and *whence* used in the same sense, and also the relative pronouns *who*, *which*, *what*, require a pause before them.

Other instances might be named where pauses would be useful; but it is unnecessary to multiply them. Good judgment will guide one in their use, and inform us when they will bring out the meaning of a passage.

## INFLECTIONS.

Inflection is that movement of the voice which, by rising or falling, or by the combination of the two movements, making a circumflex, varies our style of address. The fault of most speakers is the abuse of the monotone; by appropriate inflections it is avoided.

### RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

1. The *rising* inflection is proper when questions may be answered by *yes* or *no*; also when there is doubt or uncertainty: the *falling*, when questions are asked vehemently, or cannot be answered by *yes* or *no*.

EXAMPLES.

James, are you doing right? *I am not.* James, are you doing right?



EXCEPTION.

A request for the repetition of something not understood, or a careless reply, has the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

What did you say? Do as you like.

2. Questions, words, and clauses connected by *or*, and words and clauses contrasted, have the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Will he go to town *or* remain at home? You can witness often, the effects of love and hatred, joy and grief.

3. *Or*, used conjunctively, the rising inflection is required both before and after it, and also in case of contrast, one side being affirmed and the other denied.

EXAMPLES.

Can wealth, honor, *or* place save a soul?

My rule is not right, *but* yours.

4. Every complete sentence has the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

You are good. You do him justice.

5. In the comparison and contrast of opposites, the first has the rising and the second the falling; though when one side of the contrast is affirmed and the other denied, the latter has the rising. Also familiar address, and when there is a pause denoting incompleteness.

EXAMPLES.

Go and see the effect of war and peace, wealth and poverty.

This man is true, not false. Friends, Romans, countrymen.

If a man is dying, comfort him with religion, and —

6. Emphatic words or passages generally have the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Good! Down, slave! Thou fool!

7. When several particulars are enumerated on which something depends, or from their happening something will follow, the last but one has the rising and all the others the falling.

EXAMPLES.

Correct habits of thought, behavior, and study are rewarded  
Temperance, honesty, and frugality insure prosperity.

THE COMPOUND INFLECTION, OR CIRCUMFLEX.

This inflection, perhaps the most expressive of them all, is used to express scorn, contempt, reproach, surprise, &c.

EXAMPLES.

To ask him for a favor! I scorn it. What! you, you insignificant prevaricator. So you see now, you are the guilty one, and I am the judge.

THE MONOTONE.

This regular movement of the voice, when judiciously used, is very expressive, and indispensable. In the rendering of solemn and sublime passages of poetry, it adds wonderful force and dignity.

EXAMPLES.

"High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the  
wealth of Ormus or of Ind." "Lord, thou hast been our  
refuge from one generation to another," &c.

## SPECIAL RULE.

Suit the sound to the word. That is, do not, for instance, in reading the sublime passage from St. Paul, on the resurrection, "There is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and another of the stars" — pronounce each of the emphatic words in the same tone, but indicate you are speaking of the *moon*, of the *sun*, bright and glorious, of the *glittering stars*.

## EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the stress which is given to a word or words in a sentence, to distinguish them from the rest. An excess of it must be avoided. As Cicero judiciously observes, "A speaker must remit occasionally the vehemence of his actions, and not utter every passage with all the force of which he is capable : so as to set off the more strongly the emphatical parts : as the painter makes the figures stand out boldly by light and shades : there are always strong points, as they may be called, in every written piece, which must always be attended to. These hills and dales, mountains and precipices, cataract and gulf ; always keep some resources, and never utter the weaker with all your energy ; for if you do, there will be a failing in the strong points — the most pathetic parts."

## ABOUT APPLYING EMPHASIS.

1. Study faithfully what you would render, and discover the emphatic word, for there is always some word or words of greater significance than the rest.

## EXAMPLE.

WHAT and WHENCE art thou?

2. Pause somewhat before and after the emphatic word or words.

3. Keep under all other words in the sentence.

4. A repetition of emphatic words or phrases requires an increased force of utterance.

## EXAMPLE.

*You* ruined my son. You, sir!

5. In the climax there is a gradual increase of emphatic force to the end.

## EXAMPLE.

Decline, *change*, and LOSS. The forming hand, the *tombs*, the very ASHES they contained, are ALL gone.

## SPECIAL RULE.

In case of parenthesis, repetition, quotations from the Scriptures, or explanation, the *subdued* tones are invariably used.

## MODULATION AND THE QUALITY OF THE VOICE.

The modulation and tone of the voice are decided by the style of the composition to be rendered. The narrative, descriptive, serious, and passionate are all expressed differently.

## EXERCISES MARKED FOR PRACTICE.

OBSERVE. — The Sharp (#) before words indicates that the voice must rise slightly; the Flat (b) before words indicates that the voice must fall slightly; this Sign (<) indicates a swelling tone; an Acute ( / ) accent over a word signifies a marked rising slide; the Grave ( \ ) accent over a word signifies a marked falling slide; words in Italics and Capitals are emphatic. This sign ( ʔ ) indicates a short pause before the word; with a short line after it ( ʔ- ), a somewhat longer pause.

## EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

## I.

How dear to this *heart* are the scenes of my *childhood*,  
 When fond *recollections* present # them to view;  
 The *orchard*, the *meadow*, the deep-tangled wild *wood*,  
 The wide-spreading *pond*, and the *mill* which stood  
 by it,  
 The *bridge*, and the *rock* where the b cataract *fell*;  
 The house b of my *fathers*, and the dairy-house nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude *bucket* that hung in the well.

## II.

Thus am I doubly *armed*. My *death* and *life*,  
 My *bane* and *antidote*, are both before me.  
 THIS, in a b moment brings # me to an *end*,

But THIS informs me I shall NEVER DIE.

The *soul*, secured in her # existence, # smiles

At the drawn dagger, and b defies its point.

The # stars shall *fade* away, the SUN HIMSELF

Grow dim with *age*, and nature sink in years :

But THOU shalt # flourish in — *immortal YOUTH* ;

*Unhurt* amid the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

### III.

Imagine yourself a b Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the # *world* upon a point wherein the fate of the most illustrious # *nations* depended. *How awful* such a meeting! *How vast* the subject! Is a man possessed of talents *adequate* to the great occasion? *Adequate!* Yes, SUPERIOR. With what strength of # argument, with what powers of # *fancy*, with what emotions of *heart*, does he # assault and *subjugate* the whole man, and at *once* captivate his # reason, his # imagination, and his passions; to effect # this must be the butmost effort of the most # improved state of human nature. Not a faculty he possesses is here *unemployed*. Notwithstanding the # diversity of minds

in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into *one mass* ; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the *same* # way, become, as it # were, but one *b man*, and have but one voice. The universal bery is, Let us march to *PHILIP* — let us fight for our *LIBERTIES* — let us conquer, or *DIE* !

## IV.

Be ye therefore *merciful*, as your heavenly *father also* is merciful. Judge not, and ye shall not *be* judged ; condemn not, and ye shall not *be* condemned ; forgive, and ye shall *be* forgiven ; give, and it shall be given *unto* you : good measure, pressed down, and *shaken* together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete — withal, it shall be measured to you again. And he spake a parable unto them. Can the *b blind lead* the blind ? Shall they not # both fall into the ditch ? The *b disciple* is not above his # master ; but every one that is # perfect shall be *as* his master. And why beholdest thou the *b mote* that is in thy # brother's eye, but beholdest not the *beam* that is in thine *own* eye ? Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out



the mote that is in thine eye, when thou beholdest not the beam that is in thine *own* eye? Thou HYPOCRITE! Cast out # *first* the beam in thine own eye, and then shalt thou see *clearly* to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

## SUGGESTIONS AND MARKINGS FOR READING THE LITURGY.

### PSALMS.

(All Psalms of exultation and praise should be in a comparatively high pitch.)

O come, let us *sing* unto the # Lord; let us heartily *rejoice* in the strength of our salvation.

For the Lord is a *great* # God, and a great *king* above all gods.

We *praise* thee, O # God; we acknowledge thee to be the *Lord*.

(To be said in a low pitch,)

*Holy, holy, # holy*; Lord God of Sabaoth!  
(to express deep veneration.)



## THE CREED

should be read in a little lower pitch than the usual tone, as a simple declaration of faith.

## THE EXHORTATION

should be read a little lower than the conversational, as a friendly address.

*Dearly* beloved b brethren, ⁊ the *Scripture* moveth us in sundry # places ⁊ to acknowledge and *confess* our *manifold* sins and wickedness; and that we should not dissemble nor # *cloak* them ⁊ before the face of Almighty # *God*, our heavenly father; but b confess them ⁊ with an # *humble*, # *lowly*, # *penitent*, and b *obedient* heart; to the end ⁊ that we may obtain *forgiveness* of the same, by his *infinite* goodness and mercy. And although we ought at *all* times ⁊ humbly to acknowledge our sins before *God*, yet ought we *chiefly* so to do, when we assemble and meet # *together*, ⁊ to render thanks ⁊ for the great benefits we have received at his hands, ⁊ to set forth his most worthy *praise*, ⁊ to hear his most holy *word*, ⁊ and to *ask* those things ⁊ which are requisite and necessary, ⁊ as well for the *body* as the soul. Wherefore, I *pray* and *beseech* you (b as many as are here *present*), to *accompany* me ⁊ with a *pure* heart and hum-

ble-voice 7 to the b throne of the heavenly # grace,  
 saying: Almighty, &c.

### THE ABSOLUTION.

(Comparatively low pitch, and never in haste.)

Almighty # *God*, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
 who desirest not the *death* of a # sinner, but rather that  
 he may *turn* from his # wickedness, and *live*; and hath  
 given power and commandment to his # *ministers*, to  
 declare and pronounce-to-the-people, 7 being *penitent*, 7  
 the absolution and *remission* of their *sins*:

(Parenthetical:)

He pardoneth and # absolveth all them that b *truly*  
 # repent, and unfeignedly # *believe* his holy Gospel;

(Middle pitch:)

wherefore, let us *beseech* him 7 to grant *us* true repent-  
 ance, and his Holy *Spirit*, 7 that those things may please  
 him 7 we do at this *present*; and that the *rest* of our  
 life # hereafter 7 may be *pure* and *holy*: so that-at-  
 the-last 7 we may come to his *eternal* joy, through Jesus-  
*Christ*-our Lord.

## THE LITANY

should be read in low pitch and moderate tone.

O God 7 -the-*Father*-of-heaven, 7 have mercy-upon-us 7 miserable sinners.

This emphasis is *necessarily* placed on the word "*us*"; the sense being, upon *us who are* miserable sinners.

*Remember* not, Lord, our # offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou *vengeance*-of-our sins: spare us, good b Lord; spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed 7 by thy most precious *blood*, and be not angry-with-us 7 for # *ever*.

From *all* evil-and-mischief; from *sin*, from the crafts-and-assaults-of-the-*devil*; from *thy* wrath, 7 and from everlasting *damnation* 7.

[NOTE. — The voice must be kept up at the closing word, to show its connection with the petition that follows, viz., *Good Lord, deliver us*; and so read through, observing and classifying the *series* of ills deprecated, as is marked in the preceding paragraph.]

We # sinners 7 do beseech-thee-to *hear-us*, O Lord-God; and that it may *please* thee 7 to rule and govern thy holy b *Church* universal 7 in the right-way.

[NOTE. — There is a closing cadence (descending) on these petitions, because they are *complete*, and are not dependent or

connected with the response, which is merely an echo of the petition by the congregation.]

Observe the emphatic points in the following petition, and mark them distinctly :

That it may please thee 7 to illuminate all *Bishops*,  
*Priests*, and *Deacons*, with true knowledge-and-under-  
 standing of thy # word ; that both by their *preaching* 7  
 and *living* 7 they may, &c.

Mind also the *cadence* on the following and similar colloca-  
 tions :

giving them grace to execute *justice* 7 and to maintain  
*truth*.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER

should be read, not in a deep sepulchral voice (as is the cus-  
 tom), but in the lower tones of middle pitch, and in slow time.  
 Keep the monotone where there are lines over the words. Ob-  
 serve the *grouping* of the petitions by *middle pause* after each  
 group.

Our # Father 7 which-art-in-# heaven, 7 *hallowed-be-*  
*thy name*. 7- *Thy kingdom* # come, 7- *thy will be done*  
*on earth*, as-it # is-in *heaven*. 7- Give us *this day* 7 our  
 7 daily-#bread, 7 and 7 forgive us our *trespasses*, as 7 we-  
 forgive-#those 7 who trespass *against-us* ; 7- and lead us  
 not into *temptation*, but *deliver-us-from evil*. Amen.

## ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S PRAYER.

In this prayer keep the sense open by a *slightly ascending slide* on the word "requests."

Granting us in this-world 7 knowledge of thy truth, 7-  
and in the world-to-come 7 life-everlasting.

## 2 COR. XIII.

The grace-of-our-Lord Jesus-Christ, 7 and the love-of-  
God, 7 and the fellowship-of-the Holy-Ghost, 7 be with us  
all 7 evermore.

## THE BLESSING.

The # peace of b God, which passeth all # understand-  
ing, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and  
love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and  
the blessing of God Almighty the Father, the Son, and  
the Holy Ghost # be amongst you and remain with  
# you always.

## THE READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

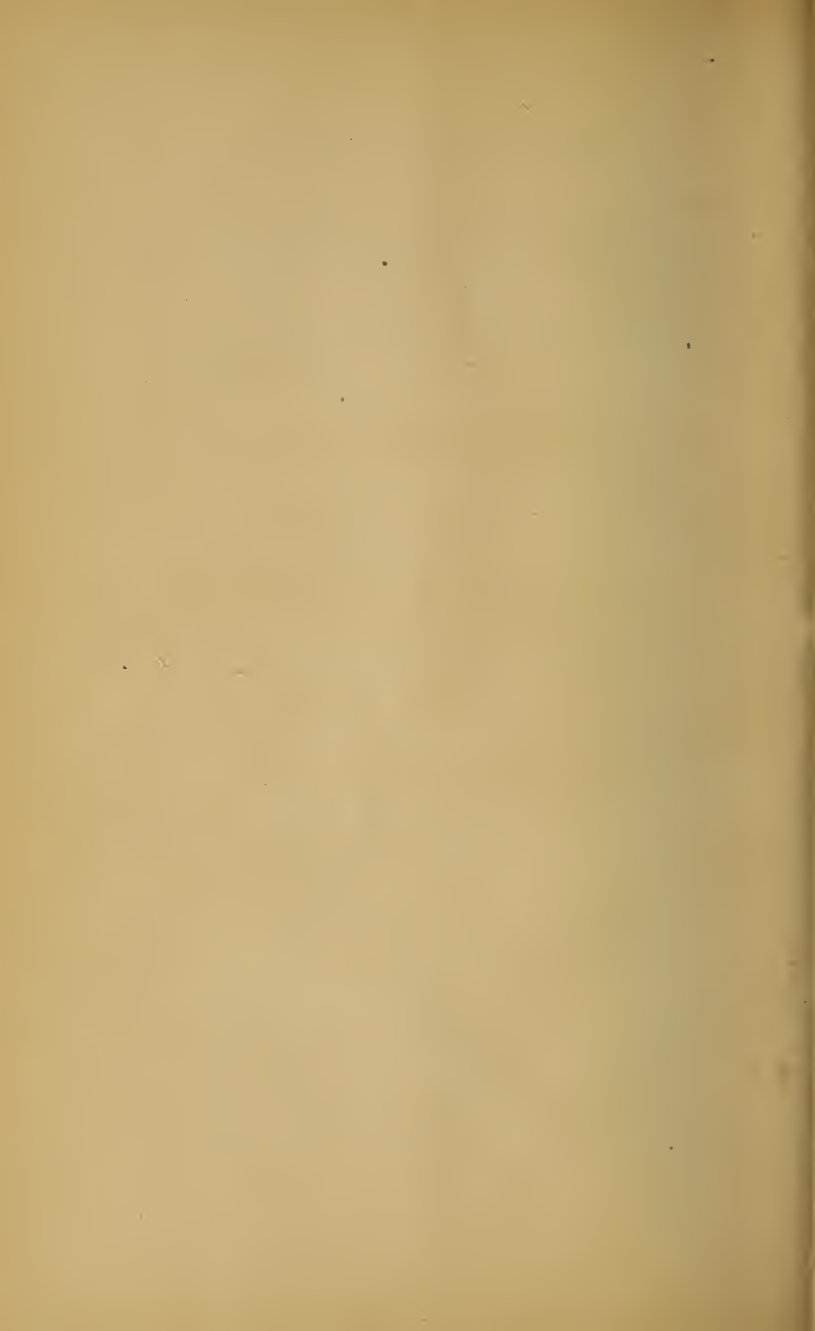
Much has been said of a natural manner of reading the Scriptures ; but this should not mean that the style should degenerate into the commonplace method of every-day conversation. Such a style is utterly inappropriate to the high and earnest enunciation of sacred truths, or to the rendering of the inspired language of Holy Writ. No doubt simplicity should be mainly aimed at in Reading the New Testament, but it must be a dignified, a severe and massive simplicity, and not a trivial and purely familiar one ; for,

In vitium ducit culpor fuga, si caret arti.

And certainly the noble language of the Old Testament will be inadequately and unworthily rendered, indeed, unless the manner of the reader have a certain tint of poetry and grandeur thrown about it, very far, indeed, from bombast, but, at the same time, consciously above the level of ordinary conversation, or even the style appropriate to the delivery of a scientific or literary discourse. The style to be aimed at is, one that shall be, as it were, a *continuous comment on the text*, whose force and meaning the reader should elucidate, and impress by a just and natural change of pitch, for point, emphasis, and expression ; and by modulation of voice to loud or soft, for energy or pathos. His aim, above all, must be to avoid, on the one hand, meanness and familiarity in

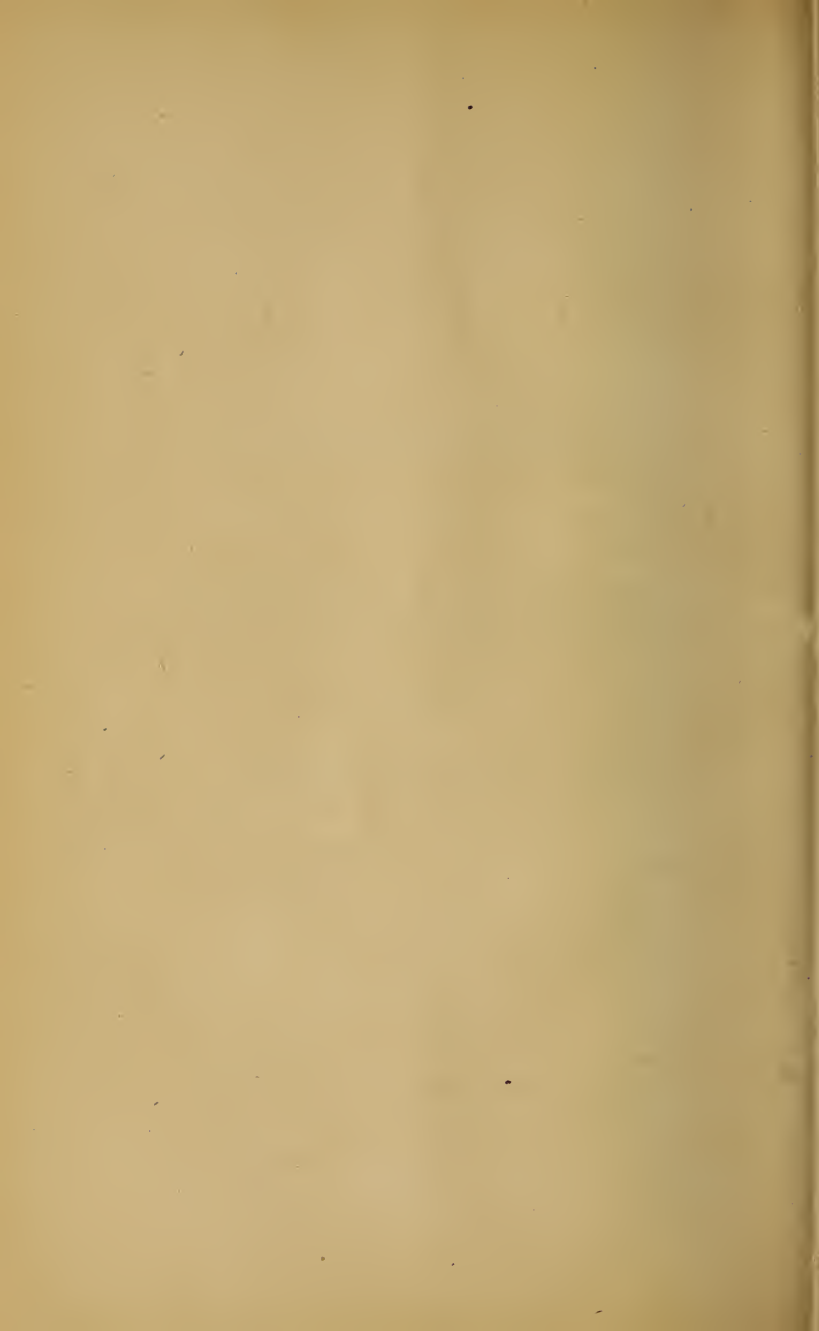
aiming at simplicity, and, on the other, to escape bombast and turgidity, while aspiring to dignity and power. These thoughts impressed upon the mind, and put into practice, and the reading of the Scriptures would be much more edifying and profitable than generally at present.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF.





SELECTIONS  
IN  
PROSE AND POETRY,  
FROM  
THE BEST AUTHORS.



# SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

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## I. THE ELOCUTION OF THE PULPIT.

I CANNOT forbear regretting here, that a matter of such vast importance to preaching, as delivery, should be so generally neglected or misunderstood. A common apprehension prevails, indeed, that a strict regard to these rules would be deemed theatrical; and the dread, perhaps, of incurring this imputation, is a restraint upon many. But is it not possible to obtain a just and expressive manner, perfectly consistent with the gravity of the pulpit, and yet quite distinct from the more passionate, strong, and diversified action of the theatre? And is it not possible to hit off this manner so easily and naturally, as to leave no room for just reflection? An affair this, it must be owned, of the utmost delicacy; in which we shall probably often miscarry, *and meet with abundance of censure at first*. But still, I imagine, that through the regulations of taste, the improvements of experience, the corrections of friendship, the feelings of piety, and the gradual mellowings of time, such an elocution may be acquired, as is above delineated; and such as, *when* acquired, will make its way to the hearts of the hearers, through their ears and eyes, with a delight to both, that

is seldom felt; while, contrary to what is commonly practised, it will appear to the former the very language of nature, and present to the latter *the lively image of the preacher's soul*. Were a taste for this kind of elocution to take place, it is difficult to say how much the preaching art would gain by it. Pronunciation would be studied, an ear would be formed, the voice would be modulated, every feature of the face, every motion of the hands, every posture of the body, would be brought under right management. A graceful, and correct, and animated expression in all these would be ambitiously sought after; mutual criticisms and friendly hints would be universally acknowledged; light and direction would be borrowed from every quarter, and from every age. The best models of antiquity would in a particular manner be admired, surveyed, and imitated. The sing-song voice, and the see-saw gestures, if I may be allowed to use those expressions, would, of course, be exploded; and, in time, nothing would be admitted, at least approved, among performers, but what was decent, manly, and truly excellent in the kind. Even the people themselves would contract, insensibly, a growing relish for such a manner; and those preachers would at last be in chief repute with all, who followed nature, overlooked themselves, appeared totally absorbed in the subject, and spoke with real propriety and pathos, from the immediate impulse of truth and virtue.

REV. JAMES FORDYCE.

## II. THE OCEAN — ITS GRANDEUR AND SUBLIMITY.

THE most impressive exhibitions of power, known to to our globe, belong to the ocean.

The volcano, with its ascending cloud of flame, and falling torrents of liquid fire, — and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, — are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitation. But the ocean, when roused in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with storm and thunder.

Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and whole armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains; but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves, which it has called up, still roll its terrors onward.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away and is lost in vapor; but, if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages, in tumult and terror — the drifting monument of the ocean's dead.

The mountain lake, and the meadow stream, are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan, his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the retiring tide has left upon the shore as scarcely worthy of its care, — and the watery gem, which the pearl-diver reaches at the risk of his life, —

are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave o'er its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approach, save when he goes down amid the silent magnificence to seek his burial monument !

The island, the continent, the capitols of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake. But the ocean still remains, and still rolls on, in the greatness of its unabated strength ; and over the majesty of its form, and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power.

Even the vast clouds of vapor, which rise up from its bosom, roll away, to encircle the globe ; and on distant mountains and deserts pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again, in streams and torrents, and return with exulting bounds to their parent ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea. But it is reserved for "those who go down to the sea in ships, to see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

Man, also, has made the ocean the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides that element, is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first, this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose, and spread its wings to the wind. Still, when the lofty promontory had sunk from sight, and the orbs above him were lost in clouds, he had no power to direct his course. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him ; and now, his needle settles to the polar star, with a fixedness which love has stolen as the emblem of its constancy.

Now, however, he can dispense with sail, and oar, and flowing wave. He constructs his engine, of flame and vapor, and o'er the vast solitude of the sea, as o'er the solid earth, goes thundering on his track.

On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of the world. In the Gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave, and the crescent set for ever in the waters of Navarino. While at Trafalgar and the Nile, nations held their breath, as each gun, from its adamantine lips, spread a death-shade around the ships, like the hurricane eclipse of the sun.

REV. WALTER COLTON.

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### III. SINCERITY.

TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, — but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? Now, the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is to be in reality what he would seem to be: besides, — it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and, if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then all his labor to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem

good, let him be so indeed ; and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier — much the safer, and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less serviceable to those that practise them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use ; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him ; which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another ; but truth is always consistent, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood or dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual ; because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion ; so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth ; nor trusted when, perhaps, he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing then will serve his turn ; neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a



day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of the world) if he spent his reputation all at once ; or ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation while he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions ; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail ; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

TILLOTSON.

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#### IV. A REFLECTION.

WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion dies within me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grief for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contentions and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make an appearance together.

## V. CRIME ITS OWN DETECTOR.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere — certainly none in our New England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet — the first sound slumbers of the night hold him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon,

resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! the deed is done! He retreats—retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe; “murder will out.” True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance

into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself—or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself—it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master;—it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

WEBSTER.

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## VI. DISCOVERIES OF GALILEO.

THERE are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly-

constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art ; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador ; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton ; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp ; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right. "It DOES move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye ; it has seen what man never before saw ; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass ; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies ;

but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens ; — like him, scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted ! — in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

EVERETT.

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#### VII. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

YE call me chief ; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus, — a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported ; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep



were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse, — the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his hemlet-clasps, behold, he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; — the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow-gladia-

tors, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; — to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, — and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here, like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and then do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!



## VIII. HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, — trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, — to very rags, — to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance — that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; — to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it

profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, — they imitated humanity so abominably !

# SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

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## I. THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue  
That never are wet with the falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand like the mountain's drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.

The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motion'less fields of upper air;  
There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.  
There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe, where the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own :  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore,  
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove :  
There the waters murmur tranquilly  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

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## II. INFELICISSIME.

I STAND upon the hoary mountains of old Time,  
God's stern and sleepless sentinels, that loom  
In shadowy dimness, silent and sublime,  
Through bending clouds of glory and of gloom.  
I see around me shapes of rare device,  
Domes, minarets, and towers  
Of Nature's own contriving ; and soft bowers  
Of interwoven branches, vines, and flowers,  
Through which trip lightly the impassioned Hours.  
I hear the gushing melody of birds,  
The dash of dancing waters, and the deep,  
Low murmurs of the winds, that creep  
Into my soul, like music without words ;  
I stand in Paradise !

And lo ! two beings, young, and beautiful  
Beyond the poet's most enraptured dream,  
Glide through the mazes : resting now to cull  
Sweet tinted flowers that fringe a silver stream,  
Or clustering fruits that in the sunlight gleam ;  
And all the while their voices fill the air  
With swelling anthems to the Great Supreme,  
And all the while, in peace, they wander there,  
God-loving and beloved, without or grief or care.

The charm is broken ! from a distant hill,  
I see the Serpent take his subtle way,  
To where, all dreamless of the coming ill,  
The doomed pair in happy converse stray ;  
And now, with secret art, he holds his prey,  
And now enfolds them like a tongue of flame ;  
With charmed words he leadeth them astray,  
Till, all forgetful of the Master's claim,  
They do the deed of sin, and hide themselves in shame.

I read, in holy verse,  
Their everlasting curse !  
"Thou shalt bring forth in pain,  
And live in sorrow, and toil in vain,  
And thistles reap, and thorns, instead of grain,  
And down thy brow shall sweat-drops roll like rain."

That curse has had no death ; we *are* brought forth in  
pain,  
And all the pathway of our checkered years  
Is strewn with ashes and remorseful tears,  
Till, in the midst of grief, we yield our breath again.

Yes! the world is full of sorrow  
And dismay;  
Joy lives always in to-morrow!  
Pain, to-day!

Sweet phantoms rise, to cheer our bleak existence,  
And lure us onward with uplifted hands;  
We follow, and they fade into the distance,  
As fades the mirage upon desert sands.

What boots it, that the earth makes show of joy?  
That roses bloom, and trees grow green in spring,  
That the soft grass springs up without annoy,  
That skies are blue, and birds forever sing?  
There are more weeds than flowers, —  
More sad than sunny hours!  
And though the leaves be musical,  
They all must wither soon, and fall!  
And though the green grass waves,  
Down under it are graves!  
And, alas! they have no souls,  
Those little birds, whose melody so rolls.

What boots it, that we ring the merry laugh,  
Sing the song, and crack the jest?  
That we seek love, deem kisses more than chaff,  
Or hold pleasure worth the quest?  
And what boots it, that some glide  
Through the world with little care?  
And what boots it, that the bride  
Is so jubilant and fair?

The pleasures that we follow,  
Like our laugh, is hollow, hollow  
    As a bell  
That now rings us to a wedding, with a chime ;  
And now buries us in sorrow for a time,  
    With a knell !

And the jest seldom slips,  
    But it strikes a tender chord !  
And a kiss was on the lips  
    Of the wretch who sold his Lord !  
Do you sing? — the sweetest songs  
Tell of sorrows and of wrongs.  
Do you love? — perfect love  
Only lives in realms above,  
    And the careless are the light, —  
Light of heart and light of head :  
    And ye robe the bride in white,  
And in white ye shroud the dead.

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### III. A LEGEND.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,  
    Rose from the mountain's breast  
A weary hunter of the deer  
    Had sat him down to rest,  
And bared, to the soft, summer air,  
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,  
    With dimmer vales between,  
And rivers glimmered on their way  
    By forests, faintly seen ;  
While ever rose a murmuring sound  
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear  
    A voice so soft and low,  
That whether in the mind or ear,  
    The listener scarce might know ;  
With such a tone, so sweet and mild,  
The watching mother lulls her child.

“Thou weary huntsman,” — thus it said, —  
    “Though faint with toil and heat !  
The pleasant land of rest is spread  
    Before thy very feet ;  
And those whom thou would gladly see  
Are waiting there to welcome thee.”

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,  
    Amidst the noontide haze,  
A shadowy region met his eye,  
    And grew beneath his gaze,  
As if the vapors of the air  
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers  
    Showed bright on rocky bank,  
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,  
    Where deer and pheasant drank.  
He saw the glittering streams ; he heard  
The rustling bough and twittering bird.



And friends, — the dead, — in boyhood dear,  
There lived, and walked again ;  
And there was one who many a year  
Within her grave had lain —  
A fair young girl, the region's pride :  
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding as was her wont, she came  
Right toward his resting-place,  
And stretched her hand, and called his name,  
With sweet and smiling face :  
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,  
The hunter leaned in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down  
Plunged from that craggy wall ;  
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,  
An instant, in his fall —  
A fearful instant, and no more :  
The dream and life at once were o'er.

W. C. BRYANT.

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#### IV. MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly. If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success ! That but this blow  
Might be the be-all, and the end-all, here —  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here, that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, —  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;  
And Pity, like a naked, new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubims  
Horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.

I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other side.

SHAKSPEARE.

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V. MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The thronéd monarch better than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute of awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above the sceptred sway ;  
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself ;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice : therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this —  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation. No, we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy ; I have spoké thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea.

SHAKSPEARE.

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#### VI. SPEECH OF CAIUS GRACCHUS.

O ROME, my country ! O my mother, Rome !  
Is it to shed thy blood I draw my sword ?  
To fill thy matrons' and thy daughters' eyes  
With tears, and drain the spirits of thy sons ?  
Should I not rather turn it 'gainst myself,  
And, by the timely sacrifice of one,  
Preserve the many ? They will not let me do it ;  
They take from the rule of mine own acts,  
And make me freedom's slave ! What ! is it so ?  
Come, then, the only virtue that is left me, —

The fatal virtue of necessity.  
Upon them ! —  
Give them stout hearts, ye gods ! to enable them  
To stand the flashing of their tyrants' swords ;  
Deaf to the din of battle let them be ;  
Senseless to wounds, and without eyes for blood ; —  
That for this once they may belie themselves,  
Make tyranny to cower, and from her yoke  
Lift prostrate Liberty, to fall no more.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

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## VII. THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language : for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart, —  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements ;  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.  
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods ; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there !  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone ! —  
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou shalt fall  
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles  
And beauty of its innocent age cut off —  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

## VIII. MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power :  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;  
In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring ;  
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king :  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea's day ;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke :  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,  
“ To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! ”



He woke — to die 'midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band :  
“ Strike — till the last armed foe expires ;  
Strike — for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike — for the green graves of your sires ;  
God — and your native land ! ”

They fought like brave men, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud huzza,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death !  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wait its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form ;  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;



And thou art terrible. The tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.  
But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
We tell thy doom without a sigh;  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

HALLECK.

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#### IX. THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,  
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;  
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.  
  
He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;  
While Memory stood sidewise, half covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy, her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise :  
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;  
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,  
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear ;  
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;  
Joy quickens his pulse — all hardships seem o'er ;  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest :  
“ Kind Fate, thou hast blessed me ; I ask for no more.”

Ah ! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye ?  
Ah ! what is that sound which now larums his ear ?  
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky !  
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck —  
Amazement confronts him with images dire —  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel awreck —  
The masts fly in splinters — the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell —  
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save ;  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !

O sailor-boy ! woe to thy dream of delight !  
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss ;  
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss ?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;  
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,  
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,  
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;  
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,  
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge !

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid ;  
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;  
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made ;  
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll :  
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye :  
O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul !

DIMOND.

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#### X. MISCELLANEOUS.

O, HARK ! what mean those yells and cries ?  
His chain some furious madman breaks !  
He comes ! I see his glaring eyes !  
Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes !

Help ! help ! — he's gone ! O, fearful woe,  
Such screams to hear, such sights to see !  
My brain, my brain ! I know, I know  
I am not mad — but soon shall be !

M. G. LEWIS.

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YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !  
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
And bid your tenant welcome to his home.

J. S. KNOWLES.

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HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour ! the quiet room  
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds  
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,  
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,  
With all their clustering locks untouched by care,  
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

B. BARTON.

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THE auctioneer, then, in his labor began,  
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
“How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?”  
In a twink, every maiden responded, “I — I !”  
In short, at a hugely extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,  
And forty old maidens — some younger, some older —  
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

O MEN, with sisters dear !

O men, with mothers and wives !

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives !

Stitch — stitch — stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt !

Hood.

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#### XI. THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark

A proud, conceited, talking spark,

With eyes that hardly served at most

To guard their master 'gainst a post ;

Yet round the world the blade has been,

To see whatever could be seen.

Returning from his finished tour,

Grown ten times perter than before,

Whatever word you chance to drop,

The travelled fool your mouth will stop :

“ Sir, if my judgment you'll allow —

I've seen — and sure I ought to know ” —

So begs you'd pay a due submission,

And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,

As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,

And on their way, in friendly chat,

Now talked of this, and then of that,

Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never lived beneath the sun :  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue ;  
Its foot with triple claw disjoined,  
And what a length of tail behind !  
How slow its pace ! and then its hue —  
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"

"Hold, there," the other quick replies,  
"'Tis green — I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;  
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,  
And saw it eat the air for food."  
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue :  
At leisure I the beast surveyed  
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye !"  
"Green !" cries the other in a fury ;  
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"  
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;  
"For, if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find them but of little use."  
So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows ;  
When luckily came by a third :  
To him the question they referred,

And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sir," cries the umpire, "cease your pother ;  
The creature's neither one nor t'other ;  
I caught the animal last night,  
And viewed it o'er by candle-light :  
I marked it well — 'twas black as jet :  
You stare — but, sirs, I've got it yet,  
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do ;  
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."  
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"  
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out ;  
And when before your eyes I've set him,  
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."  
He said, then full before their sight  
Produced the beast, and lo ! 'twas white !  
Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise :  
"My children," the chameleon cries  
(Then first the creature found a tongue),  
"You all are right, and all are wrong :  
When next you talk of what you view,  
Think others see as well as you ;  
Nor wonder if you find that none  
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

MERRICK.

## XII. THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our later stages,  
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This strange affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertion can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale :  
When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death called aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room ;  
And looking grave, " You must," says he,  
" Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
" With you, and quit my Susan's side !  
With you !" the hapless husband cried ;  
" Young as I am ! 'tis monstrous hard !  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :  
My thoughts on other matters go ;  
This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard ;  
His reasons could not well be stronger :  
So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.



Yet, calling up a serious look, —  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke, —  
“Neighbor,” he said, “farewell : no more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :  
And further, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have,  
Before you’re summoned to the grave :  
Willing for once, I’ll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve,  
In hopes you’ll have no more to say,  
But, when I call again this way,  
Well pleased the world will leave.”  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,  
The willing muse shall tell :  
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of death as near ;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He passed his hours in peace ;  
But while he viewed his wealth increase,  
While thus along life’s dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,

Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,  
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate  
Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,  
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.  
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:  
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;  
Since I was here before  
'Tis six and thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore."  
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;  
"To spare the aged would be kind:  
Besides, you promised me three warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings:  
But, for that loss of time and ease,  
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,  
I seldom am a welcome guest.  
But don't be captious, friend, at least;  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length;  
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."  
"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast;  
I have been lame these four years past."  
"And no great wonder," Death replies;  
"However, you still keep your eyes;

And sure to see one's loves and friends  
For legs and arms would make amends."  
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,  
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith ;  
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death :  
"Each strives your sadness to amuse ;  
I warrant you hear all the news."  
"There's none," cries he ; "and, if there were,  
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."  
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,  
"These are unjustifiable yearnings ;  
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
You've had your three sufficient warnings.  
So come along ; no more we'll part."  
He said, and touched him with his dart :  
And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
Yields to his fate — so ends my tale.

MRS. THRALE.

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### XIII. THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of threescore mingled girls and boys ;  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent.  
The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book,

When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !  
As 'twere a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss !  
“ What's that ? ” the startled master cries ,  
“ That, thir,” a little imp replies,  
“ Wath William Willith, if you pleathe :  
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe ! ”  
With frown to make a statue thrill  
The master thundered, “ Hither, Will ! ”  
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came, —  
A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
The butt of all good-natured fun.  
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,  
The threatener faltered, “ I'm amazed  
That you, my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude !  
Before the whole set school, to boot !  
What evil genius put you to't ? ”  
“ 'Twas she herself, sir,” sobbed the lad ;  
“ I did not mean to be so bad ;  
But when Susannah shook her curls,  
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,  
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,  
But up and kissed her on the spot !  
I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not ;  
But, somehow, from her looks — boo-hoo —  
I thought she kind o' wished me to ! ”

## XIV. THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog : — come here, you scamp !  
Jump for the gentlemen, — mind your eye !

Over the table, — look out for the lamp ! —  
The rogue is growing a little old ;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
And slept out doors when nights were cold,  
And ate, and drank, and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you ! —

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !  
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),  
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
(This out-door business is bad for strings),  
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir ; I never drink.

Roger and I are exceedingly moral —  
Aren't we, Roger ? See him wink !

Well, something hot, then ; we won't quarrel.  
He's thirsty, too ; see him nod his head !

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !  
He understands every word that's said,  
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog,  
I wonder I've not lost the respect  
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.  
But he sticks by through thick and thin;  
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)  
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!  
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!  
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!  
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your  
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle  
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes  
When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
Now tell us how many drams it takes  
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
Five yelps; that's five; he's mighty knowing!  
The night's before us; fill the glasses!  
Quick, sir! I'm ill, — my brain is going! —  
Some brandy, — thank you, — there! — it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;  
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
That my poor stomach's past reform;  
And there are times when, mad with thinking,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,  
A dear girl's love ; but I took to drink :  
The same old story ; you know how it ends.  
If you could have seen these classic features, —  
You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then  
Such a burning libel on God's creatures :  
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
Whose head was happy on this breast !  
If you could have heard the songs I sung  
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed  
That ever I, sir, should be straying  
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,  
Ragged and penniless, and playing  
To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since, — a parson's wife :  
'Twas better for her that we should part, —  
Better the soberest, prosiest life  
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
I have seen her? Once : I was weak and spent  
On the dusty road ; a carriage stopped :  
But she little dreamed, as on she went,  
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir ; I'm sorry ;  
It makes me wild to think of the change !  
What do you care for a beggar's story?  
Is it amusing? you find it strange?



I had a mother so proud of me !

'Twas well she died before — Do you know  
If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
This pain ; then Roger and I will start.  
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
Aching thing, in place of a heart ?  
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,  
No doubt, remembering things that were, —  
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.  
You rascal, limber your lazy feet !  
We must be fiddling and performing  
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.  
Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?  
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;  
The sooner the better for Roger and me !

TROWBRIDGE.

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#### XV. THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW, in a market-town,  
Most musical, cried razors, up and down,  
And offered twelve for eighteen pence ;  
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,  
And, for the money, quite a heap,  
That every man would buy with cash and sense.



A country bumpkin the great offer heard ;  
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad, black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush, stuck beneath his nose.  
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself in whispers said,  
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,  
Provided that the razors shave ;  
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."  
So home the clown with his good fortune went,  
Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,  
Just like a hedger cutting furze :  
'Twas a vile razor ! then the rest he tried ;  
All were impostors. "Ah !" Hodge sighed,  
"I wish my eighteen pence was in my purse."

In vain, to chase his beard and bring the graces,  
He cut, and dug, and whined, and stamped, and swore,  
Brought blood and danced, blasphemed and made wry faces,  
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.  
His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,  
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;  
So kept it, laughing at the steel and suds.

Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,  
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,  
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
"Razors ! a vile, confounded dog !  
Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun :  
 " P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue ! to you 'tis fun  
 That people flay themselves out of their lives.  
 You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
 Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing  
 With razors just like oyster knives.  
 Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave  
 To cry up razors that can't shave."

" Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I'm not a knave.  
 As for the razors you have bought,  
 Upon my soul, I never thought  
 That they would shave !"

" Not think they'd shave !" quoth Hodge, with wondering  
 eyes,  
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;  
 " What were they made for, then, you dog ?" he cries.  
 " Made ?" quoth the fellow, with a smile — " to sell."

WALCOT.

## XVI. MISCELLANEOUS.

### TIME NOT TO BE RECALLED.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air, —  
 How it outruns the following eye !  
 Use all persuasions now, and try  
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.  
 That way it went ; but thou shalt find  
 No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou!  
Of all the time thou'st shot away,  
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,  
And it shall be too hard a task to do.  
Besides repentance, what canst find  
That it hath left behind?

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## REASONS FOR HUMILITY.

ONE part, one little part, we dimly scan,  
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,  
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
If but that little part incongruous seem;  
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem.  
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise:  
O, then renounce that impious self-esteem  
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;  
For thou art but of dust. Be humble and be wise.

BEATTIE.

## SEEING AND NOT SEEING.

THE one with yawning made reply:  
"What have we seen? Not much have I!  
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams,  
Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams."

The other, smiling, said the same;  
But with face transfigured and eye of flame:  
"Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams!  
Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams!"

C. T. BROOKS.

## HAMLET TO HIS MOTHER.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See what a grace was seated on this brow : —  
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;  
An eye like Mars', to threaten and command ;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.  
This was your husband. Look you, now, what follows :  
Here is your husband ; like a mildewed ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?  
You cannot call it love, for at your age  
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment  
Would step from this to this ?

SHAKSPEARE.

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CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

BANISHED from Rome ! What's banished but set free  
From daily contact of the things I loathe ?  
“ Tried and convicted traitor ! ” Who says this ?  
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?  
Banished ? I thank you for't. It breaks my chain !

I held some slack allegiance till this hour ;  
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords !  
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,  
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,  
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,  
To leave you in your lazy dignities.  
But here I stand and scoff you : — here I fling  
Hatred and full defiance in your face.

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## XVII. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade !  
Charge for the guns ! ” he said :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”  
Was there a man dismayed ?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Some one had blundered :  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die,  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
    Volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell  
Boldly they rode and well ;  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
    Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all these sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
    All the world wondered.

Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke ;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre stroke  
    Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, — but not,  
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
    Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,

All that was left of them —  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made,  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred.

TENNYSON.

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XVIII. THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly — bow the head;  
In reverent silence bow;  
No passing bell doth toll,  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,  
With lowly reverence bow;  
There's one in that poor shed,  
One by that paltry bed,  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo! Death doth keep his state;  
Enter — no crowds attend;  
Enter — no guards defend  
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,  
No smiling courtiers tread ;  
One silent woman stands,  
Lifting with meagre hands  
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —  
An infant wail alone ;  
A sob suppressed — again  
That short, deep gasp, and then  
The parting groan.

O, change ! — O, wondrous change ! —  
Burst are the prison bars —  
This moment there, so low,  
So agonized, and now  
Beyond the stars !

O, change — stupendous change !  
There lies the soulless clod !  
The sun eternal breaks —  
The new immortal wakes —  
Wakes with his God !

SOUTHEY.

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#### XIX. POSTHUMOUS FAME.

THIS honest soul  
Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom ;  
And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,



Smiles in the midst of blast and desolation,  
Where all around him withers. Well, well, wither !  
Perish this frail and fickle frame, — this clay,  
That, in its dross-like compound, doth contain  
The mind's pure ore and essence ! O, that mind —  
That mind of man ! that godlike spring of action !  
That source whence learning, virtue, honor, flow !  
Which lifts us to the stars ; which carries us  
O'er the swollen waters of the angry deep,  
As swallows skim the air ! Thou, fame's sole fountain,  
That doth transmit a fair and spotless name,  
When the vile trunk is rotten. Give me this —  
O, give me but to live in after age  
Remembered and unsullied ! Heaven and earth !  
Let my pure flame of honor shine in story,  
When I am cold in death, and the slow fire  
That wears my vitals now, will no more move me,  
Than 'twould a corse within a monument.

COLMAN.

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XX. ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

WILL WAG went to see Charley Quirk,  
More famed for his books than his learning,  
In order to borrow a work  
He had sought for in vain over college.

But Charley replied, " My dear friend,  
You must know I have sworn and agreed,  
My books from my room not to lend, —  
But you may *sit by my fire and read.*"

Now it happened, by chance, on the morrow,  
That Quirk, with a cold, quivering air,  
Came his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,  
For his own, they were out of repair.

But Willy replied, " My dear friend,  
I have sworn and agreed, you must know,  
That my bellows I never will lend, —  
But you may *sit at my fire and blow.*"

MRS. GILMAN.

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## XXI. DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,  
He turned them into the river-lane ;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace ;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go :  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp, —

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain,  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late ;  
He went for the cows when the work was done ;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming, one by one, —

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass ;  
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swang in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of warrior true ;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew ; —

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again ;  
And that day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

## SELECTIONS IN DIALOGUES.

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### I. A SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

*The DUKE (with Attendants), JAQUES and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Touchstone.* [*Entering, to the DUKE, &c.*] Salutation and greeting to you all.

*Jaques.* Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier — he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic, have undone three tailors, I had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause? Good my lord, like you this fellow?

*Duke.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir: I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, among the rest, to swear and to forswear, with a poor damsel, sir, an ill-favored one, — a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that no man else

will. But rich honesty dwells, like a miser, sir, in a poor house, — as your pearl in a foul oyster.

*Duke.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Jaq.* But for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel upon the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed; as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip modest. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply churlish. If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof valiant. If, again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck quarrelsome; and so to the Lie circumstantial, and the Lie direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no farther than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid

but the Lie direct ; and you may avoid that, too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, “ If you said so, then I said so ; ” and they shook hands, and were sworn brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker ; much virtue in an *If*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he’s as good at anything, and yet a fool.

*Duke.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse ; and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

SHAKSPEARE.

## II. WILLIAM TELL.

GESLER, *the Tyrant* ; SARNEM, *his Officer* ; and WILLIAM TELL, *a Swiss peasant*.

*Sarnem.* Down, slave, upon thy knees, before the governor,  
And beg for mercy.

*Gesler.* Does he hear ?

*Sar.* He does, but braves thy power. [*To TELL.*]  
Down, slave,

And ask for life.

*Ges.* [*To TELL.*] Why speakest thou not ?

*Tell.* For wonder !

*Ges.* Wonder ?

*Tell.* Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

*Ges.* What should I seem ?

*Tell.* A monster.

*Ges.* Ha ! Beware ! — think on thy chains.

*Tell.* Though they were doubled, and did weigh me  
down

Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up  
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride  
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,  
Thou art a monster. — Think on my chains !  
How came they on me ?

*Ges.* Darest thou question me ?

*Tell.* Darest thou answer ?

*Ges.* Beware my vengeance.

*Tell.* Can it more than kill ?

*Ges.* And is not that enough ?

*Tell.* No, not enough :

It cannot take away the grace of life —  
The comeliness of look, that virtue gives —  
Its port erect, with consciousness of truth —  
Its rich attire of honorable deeds —  
Its fair report, that's rife on good men's tongues :  
It cannot lay its hand on these, no more  
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,  
Or, with polluted finger, tarnish it.

*Ges.* But it can make thee writhe.

*Tell.* It may, and I may say,

Go on, though it should make me groan again.

*Ges.* Whence comest thou ?

*Tell.* From the mountains.

*Ges.* Canst tell me any news from them ?

*Tell.* Ay ; they watch no more the avalanche.

*Ges.* Why so ?

*Tell.* Because they look for thee. The hurricane  
Comes unawares upon them ; from its bed  
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.



*Ges.* What then?

*Tell.* They thank kind Providence it is not thou.  
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth  
Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked.  
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce  
Return his smile. Their flocks and herds increase,  
And they look on, as men, who count a loss.  
There's not a blessing, Heaven vouchsafes them, but  
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,  
As something they must lose, and had far better  
Lack.

*Ges.* 'Tis well. I'd have them, as their hills,  
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt  
Them e'er so much.

*Tell.* But they do sometimes smile.

*Ges.* Ah! when is that?

*Tell.* When they do pray for vengeance.

*Ges.* Dare they pray for that?

*Tell.* They dare, and they expect it, too.

*Ges.* From whence?

*Tell.* From Heaven, and their true hearts.

*Ges.* [*To SARNEM.*] Lead in his son. Now will I  
take

Exquisite vengeance. [*To TELL, as the boy enters.*] I  
have destined him  
To die along with thee.

*Tell.* To die! for what? he's but a child.

*Ges.* He's thine, however.

*Tell.* He is an only child.

*Ges.* So much the easier to crush the race.

*Tell.* He may have a mother.

*Ges.* So the viper hath —

And yet, who spares it, for the mother's sake?

*Tell.* I talk to stone. I'll talk to it no more  
Come, my boy, I taught thee how to live —  
I'll teach thee — how to die.

*Ges.* But, first, I'd see thee make  
A trial of thy skill, with that same bow.  
Thy arrows never miss, 'tis said.

*Tell.* What is the trial?

*Ges.* Thou look'st upon thy boy, as though thou  
guessest it.

*Tell.* Look upon my boy! What mean you?  
Look upon my boy, as though I guessed it! —  
Guessed the trial, thou'dst have me make! —  
Guessed it instinctively! Thou dost not mean —  
No, no — thou wouldst not have me make  
A trial of my skill upon my child! —  
Impossible! I do not guess thy meaning.

*Ges.* I'd see thee hit an apple on his head,  
Three hundred paces off.

*Tell.* Great Heaven!

*Ges.* On this condition, only, will I spare  
His life and thine.

*Tell.* Ferocious monster! make a father  
Murder his own child!

*Ges.* Dost thou consent?

*Tell.* With his own hand! —  
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!  
My hands are free from blood, and have no gust  
For it, that they should drink my child's.  
I'll not murder my boy, for Gesler.

*Boy.* You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure  
To hit the apple. Will you not save me, father?

*Tell.* Lead me forth — I'll make the trial.

*Boy.* Father ——

*Tell.* Speak not to me ;

Let me not hear thy voice — thou must be dumb ;  
And so should all things be — earth should be dumb,  
And heaven, unless its thunder muttered at  
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it.  
Give me my bow and quiver.

*Ges.* When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence  
The distance — three hundred paces.

*Tell.* Will he do it fairly?

*Ges.* What is't to thee, fairly, or not?

*Tell.* [*Sarcastically.*] O, nothing ; a little thing,  
A very little thing ; I only shoot  
At my child ! [*SARNEM prepares to measure.*]

*Tell.* Villain, stop ! You measure against the sun.

*Ges.* And what of that?

What matter whether to, or from the sun?

*Tell.* I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine  
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots —  
I will not shoot against the sun.

*Ges.* Give him his way. [*SARNEM paces and goes out.*]

*Tell.* I should like to see the apple I must hit.

*Ges.* [*Picks out the smallest one.*] There, take that.

*Tell.* You've picked the smallest one.

*Ges.* I know I have. Thy skill will be  
The greater, if thou hittest it.

*Tell.* [*Sarcastically.*] True — true ! I did not think  
of that.

I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one  
Had given me a chance to save my boy.  
Give me my bow. Let me see my quiver.

*Ges.* Give him a single arrow. [*To an attendant.*

*TELL* looks at it and breaks it.]

*Tell.* Let me see my quiver. It is not  
One arrow in a dozen, I would use  
To shoot with at a dove, much less, a dove  
Like that.

*Ges.* Show him the quiver.

[*SARNEM* returns and takes the apple and the boy to place  
them. While this is doing, *TELL* conceals an arrow  
under his garment. He then selects another arrow,  
and says,]

*Tell.* Is the boy ready? Keep silence, now,  
For Heaven's sake, and be my witnesses,  
That if his life's in peril from my hand,  
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.  
For mercy's sake, keep motionless and silent.

[*He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. In a  
moment SARNEM enters with the apple on the arrow's  
point.*]

*Sar.* The boy is safe.

*Tell.* [*Raising his arms.*] Thank Heaven!

[*As he raises his arms the concealed arrow falls.*]

*Ges.* [*Picking it up.*] Unequalled archer! why was  
this concealed?

*Tell.* To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

## III. MR. PICKWICK'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURE

WITH A MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURL-PAPERS.

"DEAR me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick!"

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chamber-maid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hat-box, and the brown-paper parcel, having been conveyed to his bed-room, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick, and another japanned candlestick, were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings to another.

"This is your room, Sir," said the chamber-maid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large, double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"O, no, Sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, Sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good night, the chamber-maid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First

he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him ; then his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell ; and from that lady it wandered by a natural process, to the dingy counting-house of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very centre of the history of the queer client ; and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep ; so he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down stairs.

Now, this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat, for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state, at present. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in his watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So, as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend ; and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore ; room after room did he peep into ; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the

door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size, branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bed-room door, which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within, of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a marvellous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in — right at last. There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick; "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood one on each side of the door; and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed, on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and slowly drawing on his tasselled night-cap, secured it firmly on



his head, by tying beneath his chin the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the night-cap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the night-cap strings, — "it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do!

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed,



and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manœuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and night-cap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rush-light and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his night-cap. "Never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair; and carefully enveloped it, in a muslin night-cap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr.

Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out she'll alarm the house, but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful!"

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his night-cap to a lady, overpowered him, but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly, —

"Ha — hum."

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rush-light shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha — hum."

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that!"

"It's — it's — only a gentleman, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

“A gentleman!” said the lady with a terrific scream.

“It’s all over,” thought Mr. Pickwick.

“A strange man!” shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

“Ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, “Ma’am.”

Now, although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so, by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick’s night-cap driven her back, into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

“Wretch,” said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, “what do you want here?”

“Nothing, Ma’am — nothing whatever, Ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

“Nothing!” said the lady, looking up.

“Nothing, Ma’am, upon my honor,” said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically, that the tassel of his night-cap danced again. “I am almost ready to sink, Ma’am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my night-cap; (here the lady hastily snatched off hers;) but I can’t get it off, Ma’am; (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement.) It is evident to me, Ma’am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, Ma’am, when you suddenly entered it.”

"If this improbable story be really true, Sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, Ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, Sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, Ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. "Certainly, Ma'am. I—I—am very sorry, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, Ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his night-cap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, Sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, Ma'am; this instant, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, Ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, Ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this"—but before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

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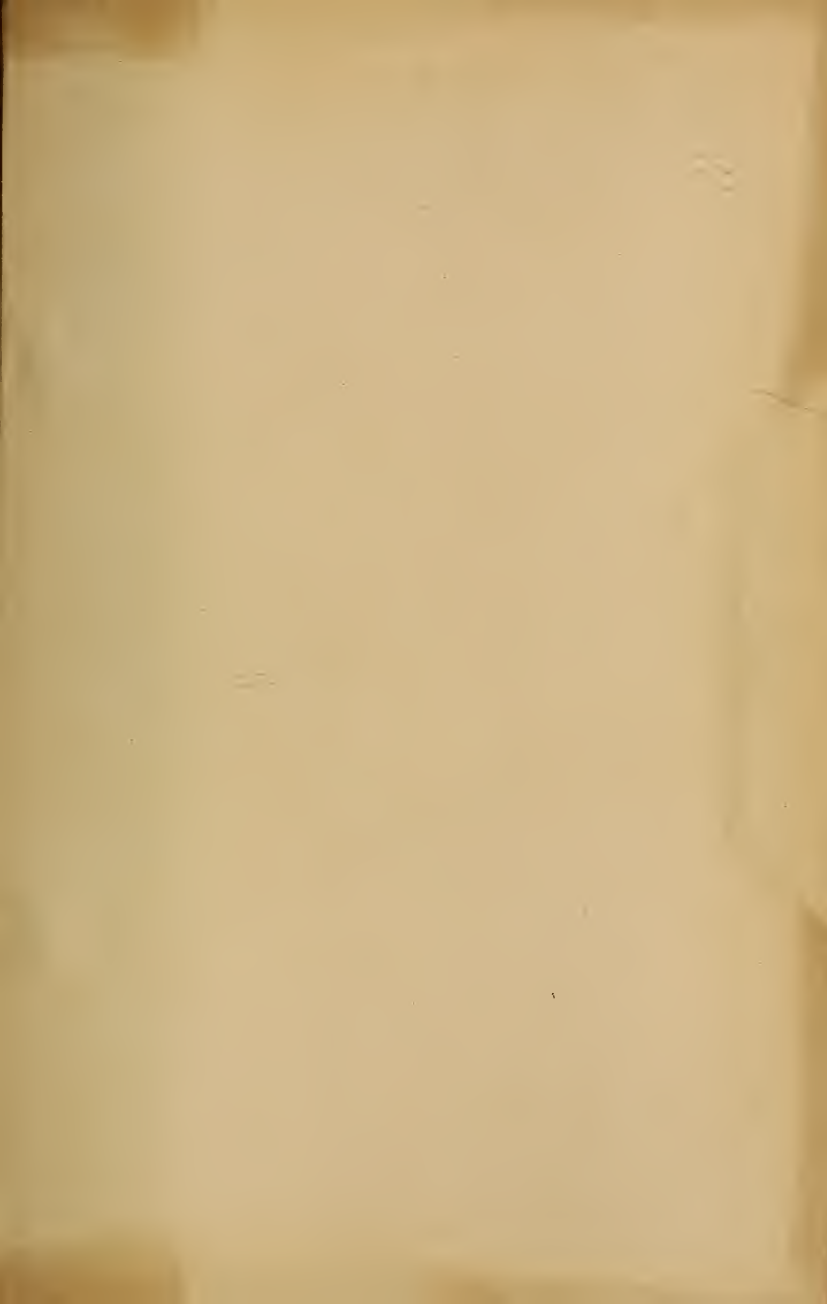
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